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What Rosie Told the Tailor

A Farce in One Act

By

EDITH J. BROOMHALL

Author of "Converting Bruce," etc.

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BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1919

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What Rosie Told the Tailor

CHARACTERS

DICK MANNERS, *star pitcher of the Weston College ball team.*
BOB SOMERS, *Dick's chum and roommate.*
"ROSIE," *a young gentleman of color who "tidies up" now and then for Dick.*
"OLE" PERRY, *also a Weston man, with an auto, a check-book, and a good, kind heart.*
JIMMIE, *a messenger boy.*
MR. SNIPPERS, *a tailor.*
MR. WILLIAM BAILEY, *Dick's rich uncle, who hates girls.*
POLLY PRIMROSE, *Bob's best girl.*
MOLLY MARTIN, *Dick's best girl.*
AUNT SALLY, *aunt of the two girls.*

(*The three female rôles may be played by men.*)

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What Rosie Told the Tailor

SCENE.—*A college boy's room, with plenty of pennants, trophies, tennis rackets, baseball bats, mandolins and guitars around. Big couch. Big armchairs. Table, with a few books.*

DICK (*discovered lounging in chair, apparently reading*).

"In the spring the young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

"Lightly"! Shucks! I'll bet the chap that wrote that never had to solve the vexed question of how to entertain his best girl for a whole week on next door to nothing. (*Draws handful of small change from his pocket. Counts it.*) Gee whiz! Two dollars and thirty-five cents! Not enough for one evening. Hi, Bob!

BOB (*in next room*). What?

DICK. Come here!

BOB (*enters, putting on collar as he comes*). What's the row?

DICK. How much ready cash have you?

BOB (*looking at coins that* DICK *has spread out on table*). Well, I'm no such bloated millionaire as you, my son. Ouch! Plague take this collar button! There! (*Collar is on.*) Behold! (*Produces half a dozen coins; lays them beside* DICK'S *money.*) Two perfectly good fifty-cent pieces, plus three equally good dimes, one nickel and three beautiful copper medallions of Lincoln. Grand total, one dollar and thirty-eight cents, coin of the republic.

DICK. Two dollars and thirty-five cents plus one

dollar and thirty-eight cents equals three dollars and seventy-three cents. *That* won't go far with her.

BOB. It certainly won't.

DICK. I mean Molly.

BOB. And I mean Polly.

DICK. Honest, Bob, is that all you have?

BOB. Every cent. And you?

DICK. Same here.

BOB. And the girls coming this afternoon.

DICK. Problem: How to raise fifty dollars within an hour when one's credit is exhausted.

BOB. Exhausted! Shucks! Mine *died* of exhaustion ages ago. Got anything left to hock?

DICK. Not a thing.

BOB. Nor I.

DICK. What's to be did?

BOB. What the old song said, I guess. "Fear not but trust in Providence."

DICK. You are an optimistic soul, Robert, and Providence is a rare provider, but not quite close enough for an emergency call. I'm going to try Ole once more.

(*He rings a bell.*)

Enter ROSIE.

ROSIE (*grinning broadly*). Morning, Mistah Mannahs, morning, Mistah Summahs. That's a mighty becomin' new spring suit you got on, Mistah Mannahs.

DICK (*gravely*). Thank you, Rosie. A compliment from a gentleman of your well-known good taste is a compliment indeed. Anybody to see me this morning?

ROSIE. Yessir. Mr. Snipper, the tailor, was here.

DICK. What did *he* want?

ROSIE (*grinning*). He *said* the suit or the money, sir.

BOB. And what interesting yarn did you tell him this time, Rosie?

ROSIE. Jes' told him Mr. Mannahs got the suit to go to his rich uncle's weddin', and when he came back he'd have money enough to buy all the suits in *his* shop.

DICK. Hooray for you, Rosie! And did he bite?

ROSIE. He asked me was it your uncle Mr. Bailey, and

I says yes, and he was coming here on his honeymoon to see you pitch to-morrow's game.

DICK. Ha! Ha! Uncle Billy in the rôle of blushing bridegroom. Some picture, that!

BOB. Rosie, when it comes to real romantic composition, you have Kipling and Richard Harding Davis backed off the stage, believe me!

DICK. Well, *when* my rich uncle appears you shall be rewarded. Meantime, go and ask Mr. Percy if he'll come here a moment. On a matter closely affecting to-morrow's game, tell him.

ROSIE. Yessir. (*Exit. Sticks his head in door again.*) Will I tell him to bring his check-book?

BOB. Well, you might suggest it. Diplomatically, you know.

ROSIE. Trust me, sir. [*Exit.*

BOB. Clever kid, that.

(*Knock; enter* JIMMIE JONES.)

JIMMIE. Two yeller billy-doos for Mr. Manners.

DICK. Two?

JIMMIE. Yep. Sign here, please. (DICK *signs.*)

BOB. No fair bringing him two and me none, Jimmie. *That's* showing partiality.

JIMMIE (*grinning*). Better see what's in 'em before you shout.

DICK (*reading one telegram*). Heavings! Listen to this. "Caught earlier train. Arrive ten-thirty. Molly."

BOB. Ten-thirty! (*Looks at watch.*) Just half an hour away! Phew!

DICK (*opens second message. Reads*). Good *Lord!* And now listen to this. (*Reads.*) "Shall arrive in Western at 10:30. Meet me. William Bailey."

BOB. Uncle Billy! (*Falls limply into armchair.*)

DICK. Uncle Billy!

(*Falls limply into another armchair.*)

JIMMIE. Any answer?

BOB (*fires sofa pillow at him*). No! Get out of here, you trouble-bringer!

(JIMMIE *dodges pillow and exits.*)

DICK. Well! Well! And Uncle Billy *hates* girls!

BOB. Well?

DICK. This is no *well.* This is the bottomless pit!

Enter " OLE."

OLE (*cheerily*). 'Lo, fellows! Howdy? Rosie fairly dragged me over here. Said it was a matter of life and death.

DICK (*gloomily*). Worse than that now, my son. Things have happened since Rosie went away.

OLE. Anything I can help in ——

DICK. Yep. Lend me a hundred dollars and kidnap an uncle for me and I'll be your friend for life.

OLE. Kidnap an uncle? Sounds exciting. Elucidate.

DICK. Aw, that's just a joke.

BOB (*excitedly*). Not a bit of it! Dick, that's a happy hunch, if ever there was one. See here, Ole. Dick's girl is coming to see the game to-morrow. They've counted on it all year. He's worried to death because he's dead broke and he's afraid he won't be able to show her a good time. Now you know that's going to affect his work to-morrow, and you know how much depends on this game.

(*Hopeful pause.*)

OLE. You may bet your bottomest dollar I *do.* I've got a lot of money on Dick.

BOB. So have lots of others. Well, then, you'll see Dick through with a loan, won't you?

OLE. Sure. Dick's stood by me lots of times.

(DICK *leans across table and silently holds out his hand.* OLE *grasps it.*)

BOB (*slapping him joyfully on back*). Ole, you're a jewel.

OLE. Granted. But where does the kidnapping act come in?

BOB. Well, you see, Dick's Uncle Billy, the old curmudgeon ——

DICK (*interrupting*). Oh, don't slander the old boy. He's all right in his way.

BOB. Well, then, Dick's uncle and guardian angel ——

DICK. Angel? Oh, no, *that* isn't his way!

BOB. See here, Dick, quit your butting in, and let me finish, will you?

DICK (*meekly*). I wilt. Proceed.

BOB. Well, Ole, Uncle Billy, who hates girls, has taken it into his head to drop in on us to-day. He even arrives on the same train as the girls and Aunt Sally.

OLE. Aunt Sally?

BOB. Yep. Chaperon, you know. Now, I propose that you run us down to the station in your buzz-wagon. There we'll lie low till the folks are all off the train—there's sure to be a crowd coming in for the game—we point out Uncle Billy. You approach him, tell him Dick has been detained and has asked you to meet him. You get him into the car, take him out somewhere, and *lose* him.

OLE. Sweet plan! Lose him how?

BOB. Oh, *that* we'll leave to your own ingenuity.

OLE. Thanks. And in the meantime you ——

BOB. We surreptitiously meet the girls and come home. (DICK *reaches across the table and fumbles among books.*) What do you want?

DICK. Dictionary. If we're going to meet the girls that way I want to know how it's done.

OLE (*rising*). Well, gentlemen, anything to oblige the hero of to-morrow's great game. As to the kidnapping of Uncle Billy, having appealed to my ingenuity, I suppose it's up to me. What time do they arrive?

DICK. Ten-thirty. (*Looks at watch.*) Why, it's almost that now. We've got to get a move on, Bob.

OLE. I'll have the car round in a jiffy. [*Exit.*

DICK. There goes a prince of good fellows.

(BOB *and* DICK *tear round looking for hats, canes, etc. A motor horn is heard. Enter* ROSIE.)

ROSIE (*grandly*). The car is at the door, gentlemen.

BOB. All right, Rosie. Just tidy up a bit while we're

gone, will you? We'll be back in a few minutes with three ladies—two of 'em pretty as dreams.

ROSIE. Yessir. Trust me, sir. (*Exit* BOB *and* DICK. ROSIE *begins to "tidy up." Pitches all sorts of things under and behind couch and into table drawers; surveys room.*) Hum! hum! Gotta have a looking-glass fer them two dreams. (*Exit. Returns immediately with mirror, which he hangs up.*) There! (*Picks up guitar, curls up on couch, sings, "This is the life," picking haphazard at strings. Knock at door.*) Come in!

(JIMMIE JONES *sticks head in.*)

JIMMIE. 'Lo, kid.

ROSIE. 'Lo, yerself.

JIMMIE. Your bosses gone to the deepo?

ROSIE. Yep.

JIMMIE (*coming in*). Let's have a doo-et.

(*He picks up an instrument, and they play, all out of tune, singing "This is the life." Voices heard outside.*)

ROSIE. Gee! Here they come. Beat it, kiddo.

(*Door opens. Enter* BOB, DICK, MOLLY *and* POLLY. JIMMIE *tries to dodge them. Runs into* MOLLY, *who falls over him and comes into room head first.*)

MOLLY. Mercy!

POLLY. Heavens!

DICK (*picking* MOLLY *up*). Clumsy cub! What's he doing here anyway? Are you hurt?

MOLLY. No—*is* my hat on straight?

ROSIE (*runs for mirror. Holds it in front of her*). Here y'are, miss.

DICK. Hello! Where'd that come from?

ROSIE. You told me to get things ready for the ladies, sir, and I thought I'd better pervide the essentials first.

(DICK *holds mirror for* MOLLY, *who arranges her hair, adjusts her hat, powders her nose and primps gener-*

ally. POLLY *and* BOB *wander round the room.* ROSIE *returns to a corner.*)

POLLY. Oh, isn't this the *cutest, darlingest room!* (*Sees a baseball bat in corner. Runs to it.*) Ah—is *this* what Dick is going to do things with to-morrow?

(*Whirls bat over her head, just misses hitting* DICK.)

DICK (*dodging*). Ouch! Look out!

MOLLY. Dick! Hold that glass still! How can I see how my back hair looks if you flop around like that?

DICK (*meekly*). Yes'm. (*Resumes former position.*)

BOB (*taking bat from* POLLY). Give me that murderous wepping, and spare Dick's sweet young life until after to-morrow. We need him so badly. Hey! What's the matter, Rosie?

ROSIE (*who has been opening and shutting the door, looking out and then back into the room*). Ain't the other lady comin', sir?

BOB. The other lady? Heavens and earth! *Auntie!* Girls, Dick, where's Aunt Sally?

DICK. Why—why ——

POLLY. Why, yes. Where *is* Auntie?

MOLLY (*pausing, powder puff in her hand*). My good gracious sakes! I believe we came off and left her at the station!

BOB. I thought she was with you and Dick!

DICK. And I thought she was with you and Polly.

BOB. Oh, lor! Oh, lor! Here's a pretty kettle of fish!

POLLY. Oh, *won't* she be mad!

MOLLY. She'll march us back home this very day, sure's we're born.

(*Motor horn toots madly outside.*)

DICK. Ole! Oh, mother o' Mike! I'd forgotten Uncle Billy, too!

Enter OLE, *hurriedly.*

OLE. Did they come here?

BOB and DICK. Who?

OLE. Uncle Billy and the lady?

DICK. What! Uncle Billy and the *lady!* What ——

Oh, excuse me. You must meet these ladies first. Miss Primrose, Miss Martin,—Mr. Perry, otherwise Ole.

POLLY. Charmed, I'm sure.

MOLLY. Delighted, I'm sure.

OLE (*bowing very low*). Charmed *and* delighted, *I'm* sure.

DICK. Now, old man, go on. Uncle Billy and *what* lady?

OLE (*sits on arm of chair; others group around him*). Well, I watched the old boy as you told me to till I saw you and the girls leave the station, then I started for him. But before I got there, I saw him rush up to a lady of uncertain age and grab both of her hands. I arrived just in time to hear her say "Billy, oh *Billy!*"—just like *that*—and promptly fall upon his neck.

DICK (*collapses on to couch, weakly*). Oh, Uncle Billy, *Uncle* Billy, who would have *thunk* it of you!

OLE. I couldn't hear what *he* said—his back was toward me, but his actions—his *actions* spoke quite loud enough.

POLLY. Really, Dick, I don't think you can have brought your uncle up at all nicely!

MOLLY. You ought to see *our* Aunt Sally! You'd never see *her* behaving in public like that.

BOB. Proceed, Ole. Having neither a giddy uncle nor a perfectly proper aunt, I can make no personal application of your story.

OLE. Well, when the first transports were over, I modestly approached and introduced myself. The old chap looked me over for a second; then he said "'Scuse me" to the lady, drew me aside and whispered, "Young man, how far is it to the court-house?"

BOB and DICK. The court-house!

MOLLY. Dick, you never told me your uncle was crazy.

DICK. Didn't know it myself till now.

BOB. Go on, Ole.

OLE. I told him. Then he said, "Well, just drive us round there, then go to my nephew and tell him I'll see him very soon." With that, he goes back to the lady. I

see him argue with her. She gives in, they pile into the car, I take 'em to the court-house, leave 'em there, and hike back here. Car balked a bit, or I'd been here sooner.

DICK. Well!

BOB. Well?

MOLLY. Well! But all this doesn't find Auntie.

POLLY. No, indeed. Bob, we must go and look for her at once. Come along.

MOLLY. We, too, Dick.

(*Knock at the door.*)

DICK. Come in!

TAILOR (*enters briskly*). Good-morning, Mr. Manners. Good-morning, sir. Ah! And good-morning, *ladies!* Glad to find you at home, Mr. Manners. I was told this morning that you were out of town.

DICK (*savagely*). Pity you couldn't believe what you were told! What do you want? Can't you see I'm engaged?

TAILOR (*bowing low to the girls*). Charmingly engaged, sir, *very* charmingly engaged, if I may be allowed to say so.

DICK. What do you want? Get it out of your system and get out.

TAILOR (*approaching* DICK, *puts his hand on his arm, draws him a little to one side*). What do I want? I want the money, sir, *or* the *suit.* (*He taps* DICK *on the chest with his forefinger.*) I guess I can't afford to wait till your rich Uncle Mr. Bailey arrives on his wedding tower; the money or the suit back, to-day if you please, sir.

DICK (*desperately*). Oh, say, Snippers, have a heart! Here's my best girl come to see me pitch to-morrow, and my uncle *is* coming, and ——

TAILOR (*relentlessly*). The money or the suit *to-day.* Them words is final.

(*Voices heard outside.*)

ROSIE (*throwing door wide open*). This way, sir.

This way, ma'am. (*Announcing grandly.*) Mr. *and* Mrs. William Bailey!

(*The* TAILOR *slips around to the door, eyeing* UNCLE BILLY *in amazement. He slips away unnoticed, except by* ROSIE, *who makes a face at him as he goes, and says "Yah! What did I tell yer?"*)

DICK. Uncle Billy!

GIRLS. Aunt Sally!

BOB. What the ——

OLE. Aunt Sally! Well, for the love of Mike!

UNCLE BILLY (*comes forward, beaming, with* AUNT SALLY). Dick, my boy, meet my wife, your Aunt Sally.

AUNT SALLY (*beaming*). Girls, meet my husband, your Uncle William.

(DICK *kisses* AUNT SALLY, *girls kiss* UNCLE BILLY.)

OLE (*to* AUNT SALLY). I guess I ought to come in on this, too.

AUNT SALLY (*hugging and kissing* OLE). You certainly ought! If it hadn't been for you ——

BOB. Oh, but, Aunt Sal—I beg your pardon, I mean Mrs. Bailey, it was *my* plan—not Ole's.

UNCLE BILLY. Your plan? What do you mean?

DICK (*hastily*). Oh, never mind that now! We've got to know about your little romance, Uncle Billy. Tell us quick, before we burst with curiosity.

UNCLE BILLY. Well, then, listen, all of you. (*They group around him and* AUNT SALLY.) You see, it was this way. We were engaged twenty years ago, Sally and I—almost married in fact. Then we quarreled—the Lord knows what about—we've both forgotten, but she sent me about my business. And you know that took me to China for a number of years. And we never saw each other again till this afternoon. And when we met so unexpectedly in the station—why, we suddenly remembered that it was the anniversary of the day set for our wedding twenty years ago, and we decided to make up on the spot and be married at once, which we did with the aid of this nice young chap and his car. (*Slaps* OLE *joyfully on*

the back.) And, now, Dick, my boy, just win that game to-morrow and we'll have one grand celebration, your victory and my wedding.

BOB. Why, that's what Rosie told the tailor this morning! Say, Rosie, you are *some* prophet.

CURTAIN

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The Boy Scouts	20		2 "	25c	"
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The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	15c	"
A Half-Back's Interference	10		¾ "	15c	"
His Father's Son	14		1¾ "	25c	"
The Man With the Nose	8		¾ "	15c	"
On the Quiet	12		1½ "	25c	"
The People's Money	11		1¾ "	25c	"
A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy	14		1¾ "	25c	"
A Regular Scream	11		1¾ "	25c	"
Schmerecase in School	9		1 "	15c	"
The Scoutmaster	10		2 "	25c	"
The Tramps' Convention	17		1½ "	25c	"
The Turn in the Road	9		1½ "	15c	"
Wanted—A Pitcher	11		½ "	15c	"
What They Did for Jenkins	14		2 "	25c	"
Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party	4	12	1¼ "	25c	"
The District School at Blueberry Corners	12	17	1 "	25c	"
The Emigrants' Party	24	10	1 "	25c	"
Miss Prim's Kindergarten	10	11	1½ "	25c	"
A Pageant of History	Any number		2 "	25c	"
The Revel of the Year	"	"	¾ "	15c	"
Scenes in the Union Depot	"	"	1 "	25c	"
Taking the Census in Bingville	14	8	1½ "	25c	"
The Village Post-Office	22	20	2 "	25c	"
Women in War		11	½ "	15c	"

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Daddy	4	4	1½ "	25c	"
The Deacon's Second Wife	6	6	2½ "	25c	"
The District Attorney	10	6	2 "	25c	"
The Dutch Detective	5	5	2 "	25c	"
An Easy Mark	5	2	½ "	15c	"
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Hamilton	11	5	2 "	50c	Special
Higbee of Harvard	5	4	2 "	15c	Free
Hitty's Service Flag		11	1¼ "	25c	"
The Hoodoo	6	12	2 "	25c	"
The Hurdy Gurdy Girl	9	9	2 "	25c	"
Katy Did	4	8	1½ "	25c	"
Let's Get Married	3	5	2 "	50c	Special
London Assurance	10	3	2 "	15c	Free
Lost a Chaperon	6	9	2 "	25c	"
The Man from Brandon	3	4	½ "	15c	"
The Man Who Went	7	3	2½ "	25c	Special
The Man Without a Country	46	5	1½ "	25c	Free
Master Pierre Patelin	4	1	1½ "	50c	"
Me and Otis	5	4	2 "	15c	"
The Minute Man		13	1½ "	25c	"
Mose	11	10	1½ "	15c	"
Mr. Bob	3	4	1½ "	15c	"
Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard	4	7	2 "	25c	"
Nathan Hale	15	4	2½ "	50c	$10.00
Nephew or Uncle	8	3	2 "	25c	Free
Professor Pepp	8	8	2½ "	25c	"
A Regiment of Two	6	4	2 "	25c	"
The Revenge of Shari-Hot-Su	3	4	1½ "	15c	"
The Rivals	9	5	2½ "	15c	"
The Romancers	3	1	2 "	25c	"
The Rose and the Ring	16	5	1¾ "	25c	"
Sally Lunn	3	4	1½ "	25c	"
The School for Scandal	12	4	2½ "	15c	"
She Stoops to Conquer	15	4	2½ "	15c	"
Step Lively	4	10	2 "	25c	"
The Submarine Shell	7	4	2 "	25c	Special
The Thirteenth Star		9	1½ "	25c	Free
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